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1928

Pop Art

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GEORGE O. 'POP' HART

*twenty-four selections
from his work*

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY HOLGER CAHILL



NEW YORK

The Downtown Gallery

1928

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THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY

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Yes real singularity we have not made enough of yet so that any other one can really know it. I say vital singularity is as yet an unknown product with us, we who in our habits, dress-suit cases, clothes and hats and ways of thinking, walking, making money, talking, having simple lines in decorating, in ways of reforming, all with a metallic clicking like the type-writing which is our only way of thinking, our way of educating, our way of learning, all always the same way of doing, all the way down as far as there is any way down inside to us. We all are the same all through us, we never have it to be free inside us. No brother singulars, it is sad here for us, there is no place in an adolescent world for anything eccentric like us, machine making does not turn out queer things like us, they can never make a world to let us be free each one inside us.

GERTRUDE STEIN

—*The Making of Americans*

GEORGE O. 'POP' HART

IS it your idea then, Pop, that a picture should tell a story? A picture can tell a story if you want it to. That's one of the things a picture can do very well. Most of the big boys told stories in their pictures. A lot of the world's best art is made that way.

You mean religious art?

Sure. Giotto, Tintoretto, El Greco, and a lot of others who didn't do religious stuff so much, like Velasquez, Goya, and some pretty big modern men. Renoir is one. The thing is that when you have people in a picture folks always read a story into it. People have always interested me most. Stories are not in my line, but I have to have color and movement and I find it among crowds of people. Other artists find what they want in bare buildings, in still life, in flowers, and things like that. I never did think much of still life stuff, flower pots and things. Flowers look best where they grow. There's thousands of square yards of that stuff done every year. Many painters will use the same pot and the same piece of cloth for a dozen pictures. I know of one who sold the pots too.

Passion is the moving force of art. Pop Hart has a passion for people. He loves people and he loves a good joke, even when the joke is on him. His interest in the human

incident might seem to give many of his water colors and prints a merely occasional or episodic value. This is not so. His pictures have no literary connotations. They are to be read at their face value and not through any associations they may have. In fact Hart may be called the most unliterary of artists. He is not a literary man. He cannot talk about the many countries he has visited. But when he sits down to make pictures he is those countries.

Pop Hart has made pictures of many countries. The most important things in life to him are making pictures and wandering. Through all his wanderings he has made pictures, and he has found his way to what he wants to do, surely, without encouragement of any kind. He was fifty years old before his work had any sort of showing. The public recognition of his work is a matter of the last five or six years. It seems a long time to wait, when we remember that Hart was born in Cairo, Ill., in 1868. Recognition has been slow coming to Hart because he has never fitted very well into our standardized American civilization. He is of the originals whose vital singularity finds scant room in our adolescent world. He does not show us life as we are used to seeing it depicted. He compels us to see it anew. Making us do that takes time, for we hate to change our old ways of seeing things. And so it comes about that it has taken us nearly forty years to see that Pop Hart's vision of this roughneck world is profoundly true and beautiful.

Hart's career as an artist and wanderer began when his father tried to knock art out of his head and to turn him into a factory hand.

I had been making drawings ever since I was a kid, Pop says. I didn't have any training, but it was the best fun I knew of, and so I made drawings all over the place whenever I had a chance. My father decided that a chap like me with a good appetite and a natural dislike for work ought to be put into harness early. He owned a glue factory, and to start me in the business he put me to work tending glue kettles. The kettles were new and he was very proud of them. He showed me how to look after the kettles, and gave me a stern warning to watch them carefully, for they might explode pretty easy. Then he left me. I was more interested in making pictures than in making glue, and as soon as my father had gone I took a marking brush and began drawing landscapes on the walls. I forgot all about the kettles. They blew up and I had to blow out pronto after that. The explosion shot glue all over the place. It spoiled my wall decorations and made me feel very bad. My father came running when he heard the sound of the explosion. I tried to tell him a sad story about my ruined pictures, but that wasn't what was worrying him. He didn't think much of my art. We had a bitter discussion about it. The only thing we decided was that I would begin looking for a new boarding house then and there.

A few days later I found myself on the New York water front, dead broke and still looking for that boarding house. I met some other chaps there and they were looking for boarding houses too. A cattle boat bound for London accepted my services for a free passage. It was worse than tending glue kettles and no chance to make

pictures. London was tough. I couldn't find any boarding houses there, so I stowed away to get back to New York. When I got back they were advertising "go west, young man." I accepted the invitation and rode the bumpers to Chicago, and got there with an empty stomach but with a heart full of hope. By that time I had been doing a lot of drawing, and I answered an ad in a Chicago paper for a painter of political campaign pictures. I got a job, three dollars a day, four portraits daily. My boss knew nothing about art, but his customers did, and all my work was returned unpaid for. I resigned, as requested, and the boss paid me my dough, which I will say was the easiest money I ever made.

That money, and some I picked up painting signs, lasted me a couple of months while I went to the Chicago Art Institute to study. I thought there were still a few things for me to learn about being an artist, so I bought myself a velvet coat with big pearl buttons, a flowing tie, and a broad-brimmed hat. I grew a little Van Dyke beard. Things went along swell till my money gave out and I had to go back to painting signs. The Mississippi country interested me a lot at that time, and so I hit out from Chi for St. Louis, and then for Memphis. In Memphis I painted signs long enough to save up money for a house boat, and then I floated down the river to New Orleans. The trip took ten weeks, and I lived the high old life as ducks were plentiful.

In New Orleans I sold the house boat and went to work. I saved \$160 on that job and took a third class passage to Naples for \$26. That was in 1900. I met one of

Cook's guides in Naples and went around with him. At night I went to a sailors' mission. It cost me just eight dollars for all the time I was in Naples, and I saw a lot of art galleries. For the first time I felt that I was getting down to real art. From Naples I took a return trip to Alexandria, Egypt. Going over I painted portraits of the captain, the engineer, and some of the sailors and we all had a good time. From Alexandria I went to Cairo and up the Nile to Luxor. I loafed around there and met some Arab guides, and lived with them in the native quarters. It was cheap and they were swell fellows. Part of the time I lived on a barge in the Nile. Maspero, the famous Frenchman who did a lot of digging around there, gave me a pass to go in and make pictures of the excavations. I stayed there for several months and made a lot of drawings of the old Egyptian temples.

When I got back to the United States I went around painting signs. But I couldn't shake the old wanderlust. About that time I got a hankering for the South Seas. I had heard what a great life it was out there. In 1903 I was in 'Frisco headed for Tahiti. My money had given out so I looked around for a job sign painting. I got a job and next morning went to work. A young chap was turned over to me as a helper. We lifted our paint kit into a wagon and drove to a job on a six story building. When we were on the roof putting on our overalls I asked my buddy how long he had been in the business. He said this was his first day, and added that his name was Joe Ducks, and that he liked color. Then I leaned over the wall and pointed to the hitch in the rope that holds up the scaffold.

Says I, can you make a hitch like that. Sure, he says. When I tried to show him how to work the guy line he said there was nothing to it and he'd been up on much higher places on the Palisades. Well, we got started. I tied off my side and then looked at him. My heart seemed to stop beating. His end of the scaffold was slowly sinking. He hadn't made the tie properly and the scaffold was slipping down and down. I yelled to him to grab the ropes and he did. He hung on till I came over on my hands and knees as the scaffold was slippery with spilled paint. I got to the ropes and pulled up till the scaffold was level again and tied off securely. Then we looked down. Such a splash of color I never saw. Awnings, sidewalks, and even a street car were covered with paint. A crowd of people was down there looking up, a lot of painted faces and fists all turning up to us. It made me nervous. My helper was the first to speak. Old man, he said, that's a real Impressionist painting.

Then we beat it. We climbed the ropes over the roof, and went down the back stairway to an alley. My helper headed for the freight yards to catch a train for New York, where, by the way, he later got a picture into the Academy. I never went back to the sign shop, but picked up a few dollars in an engraving shop as a stake for Tahiti. I kidded a steamship company into giving me free fare. Showed 'em some water colors I made in Egypt and told 'em I'd paint pictures of Tahiti that would bring on the tourists in big gangs. I landed in Tahiti with five dollars in my pocket. It sure was a great place. The girls were

fine. I flirted with a lot of them, and went to native festivals whenever I got the chance.

In 1904 I left Tahiti for Samoa. Nearly said goodbye to art there. Got in with a chief's daughter. Fellow gets kind of lonely wandering around far away from home. Her father thought I was all right. He took me around and showed me a cocoanut grove of 2,000 trees which he said would be mine when I married the girl. Also showed me where my house was to be built. Everything was hunky dory. To make things more interesting I had a deadly rival, a chief's son from another village. Kept me busy dodging that guy. Then they had a feast to celebrate our betrothal. I never saw such a bunch of relations in my life. They were eating up the place. Most of them got boiled to the eyes. I got a little boiled myself and went out in the moonlight to look at that cocoanut grove. I could see myself climbing those trees for the rest of my life trying to keep that bunch of relations in grub and drinks. That wouldn't leave me much time for making pictures. The idea made me kind of sad and I walked down the shore of Pago Pago bay, thinking about it. As I walked along I saw a schooner in the harbor. Right then I made up my mind to beat it. I swam out to the boat and took passage for Honolulu. That saved me a lot of matrimonial trouble. I just wanted to make pictures anyway.

Pop Hart's pictures of the South Seas, and those he later made in the Caribbean, have not the sentimental concern with the exotic which one finds in the work of such artists as Gauguin. Hart never thought of the Tahitians as exotic. To him they were just folks, and it would

never have occurred to him that they would look well in the stage setting get-up which Delacroix and Gauguin and the romantics loved so well. Hart may be classified as a romantic, but his romanticism has to do with his method of working rather than with the subjects he selects.

Like the romantics Hart is not interested primarily in architecture. He does not conceive form in architectural terms. He uses light and dark tones as a unifying element in his pictures, a design of light and shadow holding together compositions which otherwise might seem disorderly. One sees his method clearly in such plates as "Dias de Fiesta." Fine use of the method appears in this plate which Hart rightly considers one of his masterpieces. The design in "Dias de Fiesta" is beautifully worked out. The spatial intervals are right, and so are the tone relations. Not all his plates are as fine as "Dias de Fiesta." Some of them have a tendency to run too soon to black. This is the weakness of too much strength, one of the pitfalls of this way of working. Hart sometimes falls into it, but not often. The self-portrait, "Happy Days," is a good thing achieved with very simple means through tone contrasts which make the head and the background into a well-knit design. This portrait shows where Hart runs afoul of the academically-minded. That is, in his lack of technique as understood in the academic sense. He does what he sets out to do, but he does not work as an academically trained man would work. The careless mastery of the drawing would exasperate the academician, ancient or modern, and he would object to the fact that "Happy Days" has the quality of painting rather than of etching. But this

painter-like quality is exactly what Hart has been trying to get in his prints.

There is superb unity in Hart's work at its best. It is not so much a unity of organization as a unity of mood. There is an identification between the artist and what he finds to express in the world around him which gives him a sure insight into what is significant for his purposes. Hart's method of working and this sense of his identity with everything existing in the world give the personal quality to his work, and relate him to one of the great artists of the nineteenth century, Daumier. There is no doubt that Daumier has influenced Hart, but then Daumier has influenced every artist of any importance since his time. In one way we may say that Hart is the master of Daumier, the illustrator, and that is in his conception of caricature. The word, caricature, is not a good one to use in connection with Daumier or Hart. The word has too many associations which throw our ideas out of focus when we try to discover what these artists do. Better to say the accentuations and distortions which these artists use to give their figures a feeling of enhanced humanity and a more convincing reality than they have in nature. Daumier had a godlike audacity in remaking people, distorting them into beings more real, more forceful, and more human. Hart's caricature, like Daumier's, enhances the human reality of his subjects. He is less mordant than Daumier and more innocent in his humor. Hart's humor has no acid in it, and he has no axes to grind.

But to go on with Pop Hart's story.— I made out pretty well in Honolulu painting outdoor signs. Bought a

piece of dirt there and built a shack where I used to entertain the Kanakas. We had dances and played our guitars and ukuleles on the porch of my shack every evening. I played the bones for them and they fell for them hard.

In 1905 I came back to America, painted a few portraits, and then went on to Havana where I did sign painting for a while. From there I went to Copenhagen to meet an artist friend who had made a date with me while I was in Cuba. We went to Iceland together. After an eight day sail from Copenhagen we landed on the east coast of Iceland and then rode across country to Reykjavik.

Some jump, Pop! Tahiti to Iceland. You like the far away countries?

Oh, I like 'em all right if they're hot countries. No cold countries for mine. It isn't so cold in Iceland, though I will say they have lots of snow there in the winter time. Sitting up there among the snowdrifts makes you stop and think it over. What if a fellow was to die way up there so far away from home? There wouldn't be any of your friends there to come and view you. I decided right then to go to Paris where there were lots of fellows I knew.

In Paris I saw the Louvre and the Luxembourg. They sure hit me hard. I used to hang around them for days. I saw the modern galleries too, but I didn't understand modern art at first. It didn't take me long to fall for it. I met some artist friends who had been connected with the modern movement. They told me a lot of things and I believed I was on the right track. In the summer of 1907

I studied for about three months at the Julien Academy. That experience showed me that art schools are no places for an artist. I quit the Julien Academy and went out along the Seine and the Oise to paint by myself. I painted two or three landscapes around Merlon. Then I went to Estaple and did some fishing town stuff. When I got back to Paris the jury for the Carnegie International show was selecting pictures. An artist friend of mine who had lived in Paris for many years, and who was considered a top-notch painter, was sending some pictures. That gave me the idea to send some of my landscapes. My artist friend didn't think much of my pictures, but I thought I might as well try. Perhaps the jury might find some merit in them. I sent two, and a few days later I found a letter under my door in French, saying that one of my pictures had been accepted and please call for the other one. My artist friend had all his pictures turned down. Right there I began to feel like a real artist.

Two months later I got back to America. I was sure there'd be a band at the battery to meet an artist like me, the way they met Lindbergh. The band didn't show up. Two weeks later I was glad to get a job at two dollars a day mixing paint in a scenic studio for the real masters to slam on the drops.

My main object in life at that time was to get away from landlords. I wanted to have a little piece of dirt of my own. My shack in Honolulu was still unsold. Property values in Honolulu had gone up since I was there so I had an agent sell my place. The money I got was enough to buy a piece of ground in Coytesville, back of

the Palisades. With second hand lumber I built a shack and that has been my headquarters ever since.

From 1907 to 1912 I painted signs in amusement parks, mostly around New York and New Jersey. I could use my own stuff on those eye-catchers without being told what to do by any boss sign painter. It was fun. I made a lot of drawings, too, and did some painting and water color sketching on Sundays. About that time I came to the conclusion that if a man has any ideas to express he can express them just as well with water color on a piece of paper as he can with oil paint on a big canvas in a gold frame, the way you see them at the exhibitions. I've painted about twenty oils, all told, but I think you can say as much in water color.

Hart's earliest water colors show the artist's struggle with the medium. They are sentimental landscapes, "The Brook" (1909), for instance. A few years later Hart has become more knowing in his use of water color. While it is true that he has not always come through with the objective record of what he has seen, yet we feel his power in the use of the medium, and the carefree mastery of his drawing, in which seemingly random notations contribute inevitably to the effect of the whole. "Natives Washing Clothes" has distinction of design and breadth of treatment. In this, and a number of water colors made in the early 1920's, we see that Hart has progressed from the sentimental to the dramatic. In "The Hudson" there is poetic treatment of the drama of space; in "The Mississippi" it is the drama of movement. Hart's eye for the significant detail, his remarkably suggestive drawing and

breadth of treatment are seen in water colors like "Mother and Child," "Mule Car," and "Matching and Weighing the Birds," and drawings like "The Jury," and "The Road to Oaxaca."

In his latest phase Hart is becoming less dramatic, and a kind of effortless beauty enters his work. One sees the transition in "Landscape with Goats" (1926). "Market Place, Santo Domingo" is of this type. It has all the rich freedom of the water color medium. Similar is "Merry Go Round," which with all its movement has something of an Oriental feeling, and "Pack Horses" and "Riding Horses," with their fine grouping and potent color. "The Market Fountain" (1927), one of Hart's latest works, has very little of his earlier dramatic quality. It is calm and joyful, filled with light and warmth.

Hart does not stand still. He progresses steadily in his knowledge of his mediums and in his ability to free himself from the economic treadmill which has always interfered with his work.

In 1912, he says, I graduated from sign painting and began working in movie studios at Fort Lee, painting sets. I even did some sculpture on some of the sets when that was necessary. That movie job was my ace in the hole until 1920. I'd work all summer and in the fall I'd quit my job and go to the West Indies. In the spring I'd be back again. One winter I went to New Orleans, and another time I went to Paraguay. I was always looking for another place like Tahiti. I did some pretty good drawings during those years. "Native Baptism, Trinidad"

(1917) was one I liked. In New Orleans I made the drawing for the lithograph, "Springtime, New Orleans," which won a prize at the Sesqui in Philadelphia.

In 1921 I had my piece of land and my shack in Coytesville all paid for. Then I took a whack at doing my own work. It was the first time in my life that I got a chance to do what I wanted to do for any length of time. I was over fifty years old. Pretty near time I settled down to my life work. Since 1921 I've been working at my own stuff, and I haven't painted any signs or movie sets. That year I started to make prints. I had a stack of drawings going back twenty-five years or more. Some of my artist friends suggested that I make them into etchings and lithographs. I knew nothing about these mediums, but as one artist has said, if you can sketch you can etch, so I went to it. I sharpened a file down to a point and began working on a piece of zinc given me by a lithographer friend.

My first plates were "Siesta," "Jack and Jill" and "Toilers," all made in 1921. They are all dry points done in pure line on zinc. I got a kick out of those plates but they didn't satisfy me. I wanted to get a more painterlike quality, to get tones like those of water colors and paintings. Then I tried making a sandpaper ground on the zinc plate. This gave me some interesting tones. "Chicken Vendor," and "Boats and Natives," done in 1923-24, look as if they had an etched ground, but they were done with sandpaper and dry point. These two plates were my first attempts to get tones. They created quite an interest in the graphic world. No one knew just how they had been

done. Many of my artist friends thought I had done them with aquatint.

I started making lithographs at the same time. In 1924 I made my first museum sale. This was a lithograph, "Voodoo Dance," which was shown at the Winter Academy and bought by the Metropolitan Museum. Since then the Metropolitan has bought thirty of my prints and a water color.

Talking with the artists made me feel that I ought to tackle some work with acid. I went to the Public Library in New York and looked over some books on etching. "Market Stand" (1924) was the first plate I tackled with an etched ground. I made about ten plates that year, and was elected to the Brooklyn Society of Etchers. In 1925 I was elected president of the Society, and was re-elected the next year. But I guess official positions are not for me. I'm not fond enough of tea and cake. Those artists talking art with a big "A" with a hunk of cake in their hand get my goat.

My first etched plates were done with soft ground. My next experience was with aquatint. The first plate of this kind was "Native Baptism, Trinidad," which I did from a drawing I made in 1917. Soft ground and aquatint give me the kind of painterlike effects I want to get. I've worked a good deal in this way and made about forty plates since then. I've always been trying for different effects, sometimes using a dust rosin ground and sometimes a liquid ground. Take a plate like "Dance of the Centaurs," which was chosen by the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris as one of my best plates. It is done with soft

ground and aquatint, using both a dust rosin and a liquid ground. Or a plate like "Dias de Fiesta," which is also done with soft ground and aquatint. I made two plates of that print. The first plate is probably my masterpiece. I've also done a little work in colored lithography and colored etching. Couldn't afford to have the plates printed in color so I colored them by hand. I've made a few mono-types too.

In 1926 I decided to take some time off and I went to Mexico on a sketching trip. Dear old Mexico is the Mecca of them all for me. I made a lot of water colors and drawings, mostly in Oaxaca. There's certainly life and color down there for an artist.

Pop Hart has a magnificent appetite for life in a time when art has begun to have a weak stomach. He is in love with life, Easter parades, baptisms, weddings, markets and fairs and festivals. They are his people these Gargantuan spectators of cock-fights, mountainous women arranging their hair smoking pipes gossiping, people bargaining dancing making love adding the color and bulk of their bodies to the architecture of a Mexican or West Indian market scene, and just beyond the mountains or the sea—the richness of life as it moves about its daily business, men women animals food earth and sky.

The individuality of an artist is shown not only in his manner of working, but also in what he finds to express in the world about him. Pop Hart finds the humor and the beauty of everyday life. He says in his pictures that we're a pretty rough lot if you want to think so, but at bottom we're a pretty swell lot. He reinstates the human

episode in art. He can make us love people whom our hypercivilized disgusts have made alien to us. Pop Hart has no hypercivilized disgusts. He likes people and he likes to make pictures of them. The fact that people like the pictures he makes is just that much to the good.

The funny part of it is I didn't start to make pictures to sell. I had my shack and a little money saved, and I thought I'd have a good time. I just wanted to find out what effects I could get working in different ways. The fact that my etchings and lithographs sold surprised me. The sale of my water colors surprised me too. I wasn't used to it. Making drawings is the best fun there is. Sure it's fine if they sell. Sort of surprises you though. It did me. But I'm glad folks like the things I do when I'm having a good time. It shows they're with me.

CATALOGUE OF PRINTS

DRYPOINT ON ZINC

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------|------|
| 1 | <i>Siesta</i> | 1921 |
| | H. 2¾; w. 6 inches | |
| 2 | <i>Jack and Jill</i> | 1921 |
| | H. 3½; w. 7⅞ inches | |
| 3 | <i>The Toilers</i> | 1921 |
| | H. 4¼; w. 6⅜ inches | |
| 4 | <i>Mother and Child</i> | 1922 |
| | H. 4¼; w. 5½ inches | |
| 5 | <i>Water Carrier</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 8; w. 9⅞ inches | |
| 6 | <i>Bringing Goats to Market</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 7¼; w. 9⅜ inches | |

DRYPOINT ON COPPER

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|------|
| 7 | <i>Tahiti Girls</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 3½; w. 5½ inches | |
| 8 | <i>Awaiting Boat's Return</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 4⅞; w. 6⅞ inches | |
| 9 | <i>Boys and Donkeys</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 6⅞; w. 9½ inches | |
| 10 | <i>Nude Study</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 6¼; w. 9¼ inches | |
| 11 | <i>Omar Khayyam</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 7; w. 10¾ inches | |
| 12 | <i>Bathers</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 9⅞; w. 7⅞ inches | |

DRYPOINT AND SANDPAPER

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 13 | <i>Early Morning Market</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$; w. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches | |
| 14 | <i>Jersey Hills</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 7; w. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches | |
| 15 | <i>Chicken Vendor, Trinidad</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$; w. 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches | |
| 16 | <i>Campfire</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 6; w. 9 inches | |

DRYPOINT, SANDPAPER AND ROULETTE

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 17 | <i>Mammy</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$; w. 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches | |
| 18 | <i>Shopkeeper's Daughter</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 9 $\frac{3}{8}$; w. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches | |
| 19 | <i>Boats and Natives</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$; w. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches | |

DRYPOINT AND AQUATINT

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 20 | <i>Native Baptism, Trinidad</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$; w. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches | |

DRYPOINT AND SOFT GROUND

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 21 | <i>Landscape, Santo Domingo, No. 1</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 6; w. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches | |

ETCHING

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|------|
| 22 | <i>Working People</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 6¾; w. 9¾ inches | |
| 23 | <i>Happy Days (Self Portrait)</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 10¼; w. 8⅞ inches | |
| 24 | <i>Poultry Man (small plate)</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 5¼; w. 6½ inches | |
| 25 | <i>Personal Christmas Card</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 6; w. 4½ inches | |
| 26 | <i>Lovers of Nature</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 7¼; w. 12⅜ inches | |

ETCHING AND AQUATINT

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|------|
| 27 | <i>Concert Soloist</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 7¼; w. 9⅛ inches | |
| 28 | <i>Excursion Boat</i> | 1926 |
| | H. 10⅞; w. 13½ inches | |
| 29 | <i>The Commuter</i> | 1926 |
| | H. 7; w. 8¾ inches | |

ETCHING AND SOFT GROUND

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|------|
| 30 | <i>Salutations, Señor</i> | 1926 |
| | H. 7⅞; w. 6⅞ inches | |

ETCHING AND SAND PAPER

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------|------|
| 31 | <i>Tahiti Washwomen</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 7⅞; w. 10⅞ inches | |

SOFT GROUND ETCHING

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 32 | <i>Picnic Party</i> | 1925 |
| | H. $8\frac{3}{8}$; w. $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches | |
| 33 | <i>The Old Story</i> | 1925 |
| | H. $5\frac{1}{2}$; w. $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches | |
| 34 | <i>Orizaba, Mexico</i> | 1925 |
| | H. $8\frac{1}{8}$; w. $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches | |
| 35 | <i>Child with Stage Ambitions</i> | 1925 |
| | H. $7\frac{7}{8}$; w. $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches | |
| 36 | <i>Mamma's Darling</i> | 1926 |
| | H. $5\frac{3}{4}$; w. $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches | |

SOFT GROUND ETCHING AND SANDPAPER

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 37 | <i>Market Stand, Santo Domingo</i> | 1924 |
| | H. $9\frac{3}{8}$; w. $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches | |

SOFT GROUND ETCHING AND MONOTYPE

- | | | |
|----|--------------------|------|
| 38 | <i>The Brook</i> | 1926 |
| | H. 12; w. 9 inches | |

AQUATINT

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 39 | <i>The Hostess</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 7; w. $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches | |
| 40 | <i>Bathing Beach</i> | 1925 |
| | H. $7\frac{3}{4}$; w. $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches | |
| 41 | <i>Virginia Reel, Amusement Park</i> | 1926 |
| | H. $5\frac{1}{4}$; w. $8\frac{1}{8}$ inches | |

AQUATINT AND SOFT GROUND

42	<i>Landscape, Santo Domingo, No. 2</i>	1926
	H. 7 $\frac{1}{8}$; w. 10 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches	
43	<i>Poultry Man (large plate)</i>	1926
	H. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$; w. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	
44	<i>Dias de Fiesta, No. 1</i>	1926
	H. 7 $\frac{7}{8}$; w. 10 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches	
45	<i>Dias de Fiesta, No. 2</i>	1926
	H. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$; w. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches	
46	<i>Market Plaza, Mexico</i>	1926
	H. 9 $\frac{3}{8}$; w. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	
47	<i>Pig Market, Mexico</i>	1926
	H. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$; w. 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches	
48	<i>Matinee</i>	1926
	H. 5 $\frac{1}{8}$; w. 8 inches	
49	<i>Broadcasting Station</i>	1926
	H. 7; w. 9 inches	
50	<i>Dance of Centaurs</i>	1926
	H. 12 $\frac{3}{4}$; w. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches	
51	<i>Sea Waves</i>	1926
	H. 10; w. 8 inches	
52	<i>Matching and Weighing the Birds</i>	1928
	H. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$; w. 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches	
53	<i>Riding Academy</i>	1928
	H. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; w. 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches	
54	<i>The Corral</i>	1928
	H. 8; w. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	
55	<i>Nude Negress</i>	1922
	H. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; w. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches	
56	<i>Lunch Hour</i>	1922
	H. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$; w. 9 inches	
57	<i>Cabin Boy</i>	1922
	H. 9; w. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches	
58	<i>Cockfight, Santo Domingo</i>	1923
	H. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$; w. 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches	
59	<i>Native Laundress</i>	1923
	H. 7; w. 11 inches	

LITHOGRAPHS

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|------|
| 60 | <i>Cup of Tea</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 9¾; w. 7¼ inches | |
| 61 | <i>Atlantic City</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 7½; w. 8¼ inches | |
| 62 | <i>The Rainbow</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 9; w. 13⅛ inches | |
| 63 | <i>Haiti Market</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 7⅞; w. 12½ inches | |
| 64 | <i>Market Place, Santiago</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 5¼; w. 8¼ inches | |
| 65 | <i>Moonlight in the Jungle</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 8; w. 9¼ inches | |
| 66 | <i>The Gallery</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 5; w. 9¼ inches | |
| 67 | <i>Voodoo Dance</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 8; w. 6⅞ inches | |
| 68 | <i>Gamblers</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 6½; w. 9 inches | |
| 69 | <i>Springtime, New Orleans</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 9½; w. 12½ inches | |
| 70 | <i>Mule Car</i> | 1925 |
| | H. 9⅞; w. 13 inches | |
| 71 | <i>The Corral</i> | 1928 |
| | H. 12½; w. 17 inches | |
| 72 | <i>The Champion (for book only)</i> | 1928 |
| | H. 8; w. 5¼ inches | |
| 73 | <i>Winter in Coytesville</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 7¼; w. 9 inches | |
| 74 | <i>Sunday Picnic on Hudson</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 5¼; w. 7⅞ inches | |
| 75 | <i>Cockfight, Santo Domingo</i> | 1923 |
| | H. 7½; w. 12¾ inches | |
| 76 | <i>Market Place, Santiago</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 5¼; w. 8¼ inches | |
| 77 | <i>Gamblers</i> | 1924 |
| | H. 6½; w. 9 inches | |

LITHOGRAPHS (HAND-COLORED)

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|------|
| 78 | <i>The Corral</i> | 1928 |
| | H. 12¼; w. 16½ inches | |

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHS

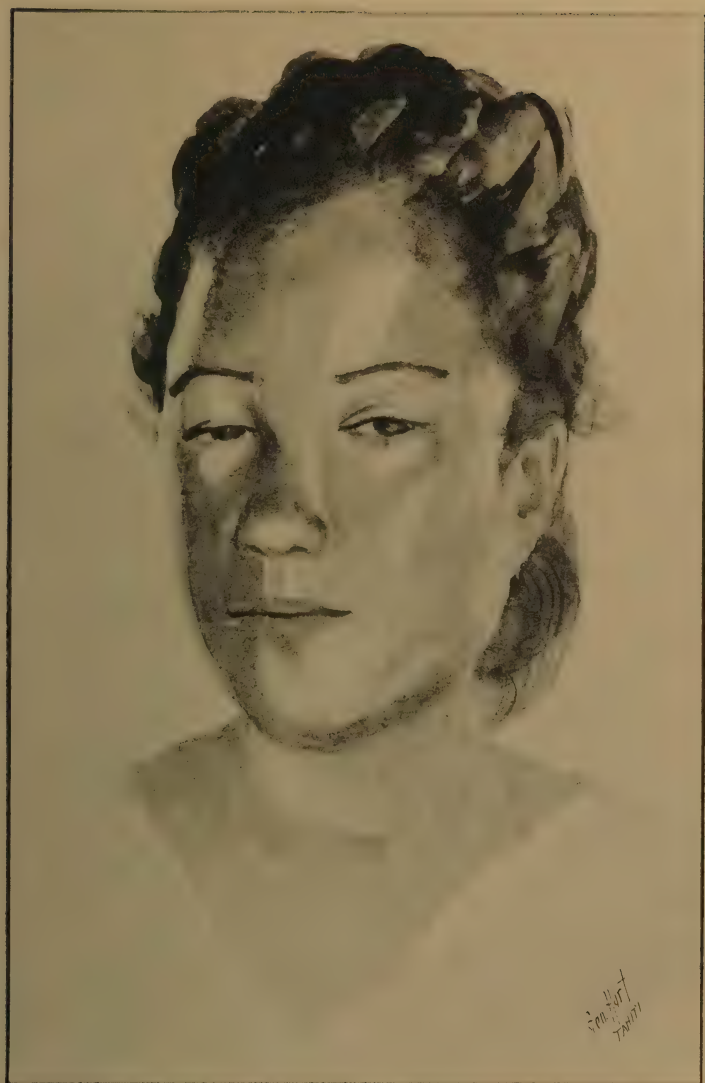
- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|------|
| 79 | <i>The Jury</i> | 1927 |
| | H. 10¾; w. 15 inches | |
| 80 | <i>The Hero</i> | 1927 |
| | H. 12; w. 16⅛ inches | |
| 81 | <i>Contentment</i> | 1927 |
| | H. 10⅞; w. 13 inches | |
| 82 | <i>Juanita, the Indian Princess</i> | 1927 |
| | H. 15; w. 10¾ inches | |

Among the museums which own collections of Hart prints and water colors are the Metropolitan Museum, the Newark Museum, the Brooklyn Museum, the Smithsonian in Washington, the Chicago Art Institute, the Los Angeles Museum, the Cleveland Museum, the Cincinnati Museum, the Memorial Gallery in Rochester, the South Kensington and the British Museums in London. Among libraries which have collections of Hart prints are the New York Public Library, the Newark Public Library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Most of the well-known private collections in America have a number of Hart water colors and prints. Arthur F. Egner, vice-president of the Newark Museum, tops the list of private collectors of Hart's work. He owns more than fifty water colors, and a complete file of the prints.

REPRODUCTIONS

Tahiti Girl, Tahiti, 1903

Water Color in the Collecton of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., New York



Courtyard, New Orleans, 1917

Water Color in the Metropolitan Museum, New York



11

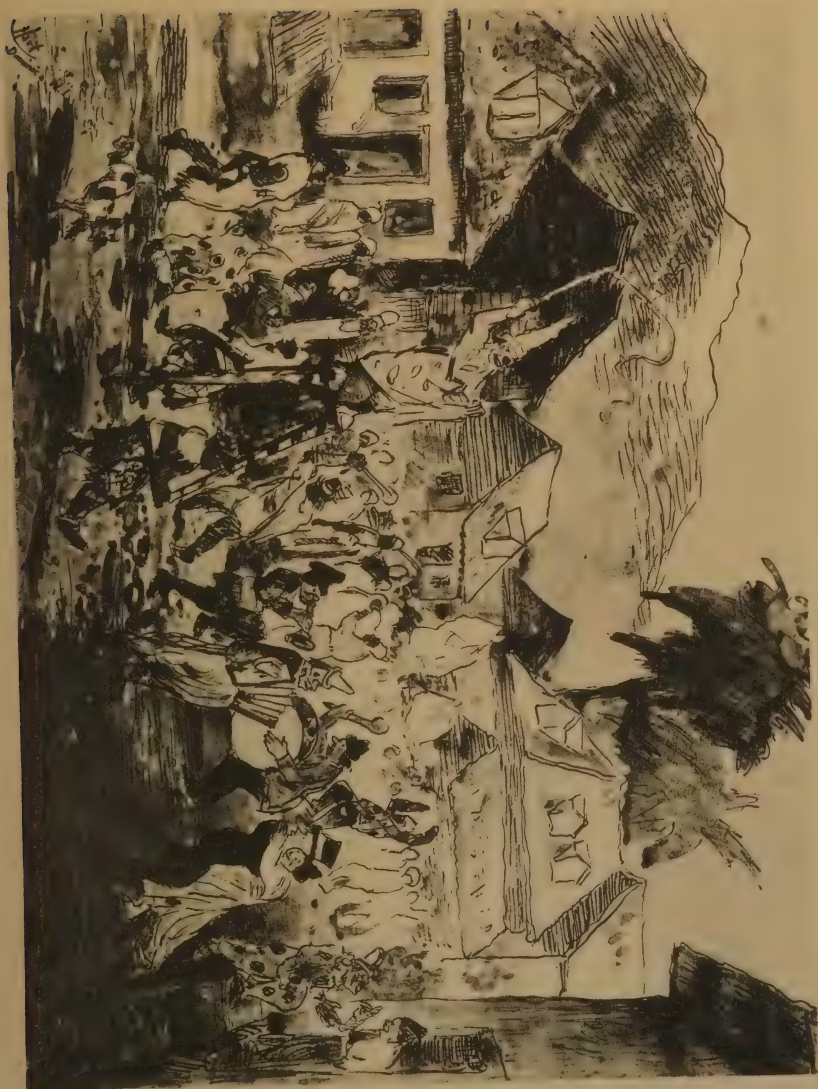
Two Boat Captains, Florida, 1917

Water Color in the Collection of Mr. Arthur Egner, Newark



Carnival Scene, West Indies, 1921

Water Color in the Mr. and Mrs. Preston Harrison Collection,
Los Angeles Museum



Merry Go Round, Mexico, 1927

Water Color in the Collecton of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., New York



Mule Car, Mexico, 1927

Water Color in the Collection of Dr. B. D. Saklatwalla, Pittsburgh



Matching and Weighing the Birds, Mexico, 1927

Water Color in the Collection of Mr. Edward Duff Balken,
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh



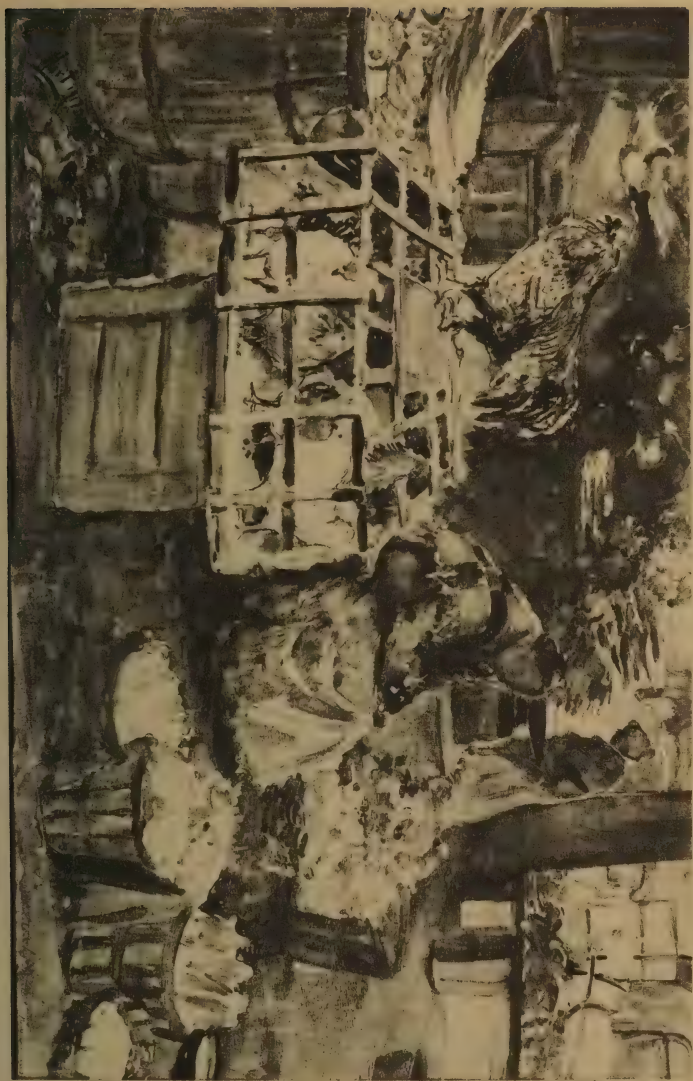
The Mississippi, New Orleans, 1924

Water Color



Old French Market, New Orleans, 1917

Water Color in the Brooklyn Museum



Riding Ponies, Palisades Amusement Park, 1926

Water Color in the Collection of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., New York



Poultry Man, New Orleans, 1926

Monotype in the Collection of Mr. Duncan Candler, New York



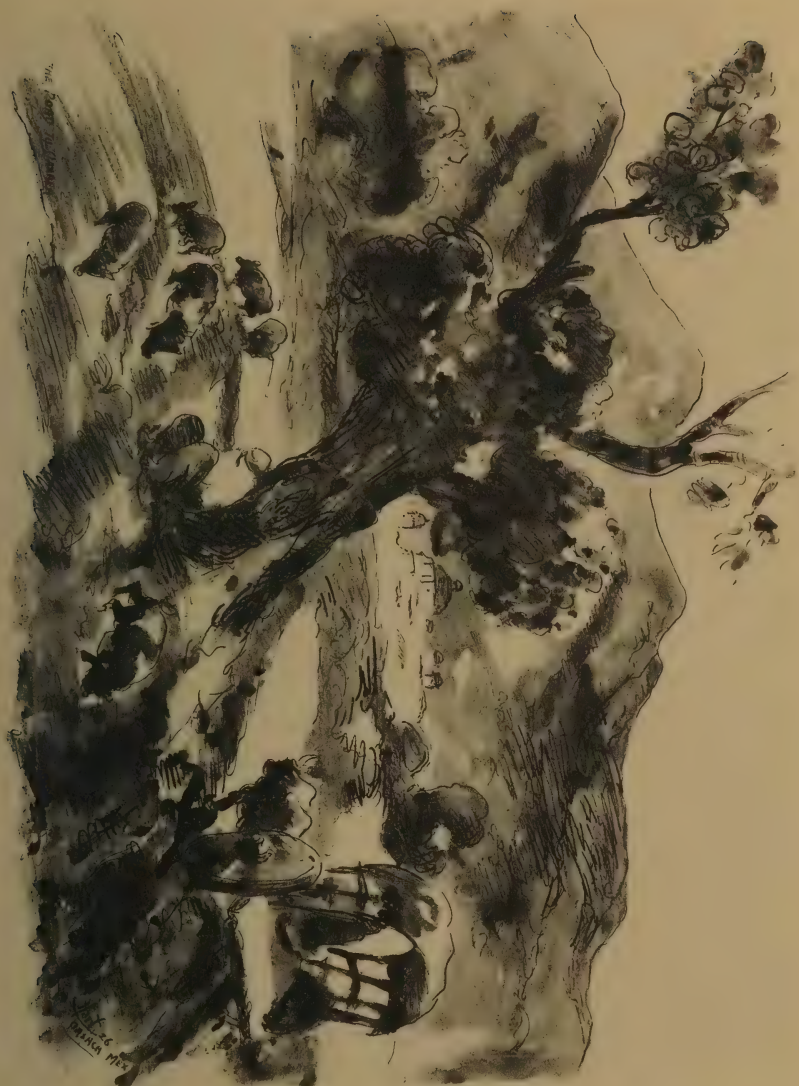
The Hostess, Tahiti, 1924

Monotype in the Collection of The New York Public Library



Road to Oaxaca, Mexico, 1927

Wash Drawing in the Collection of Mr. Duncan Candler, New York



The Jury, Mexico, 1927

Charcoal Drawing in the Collection of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,
New York



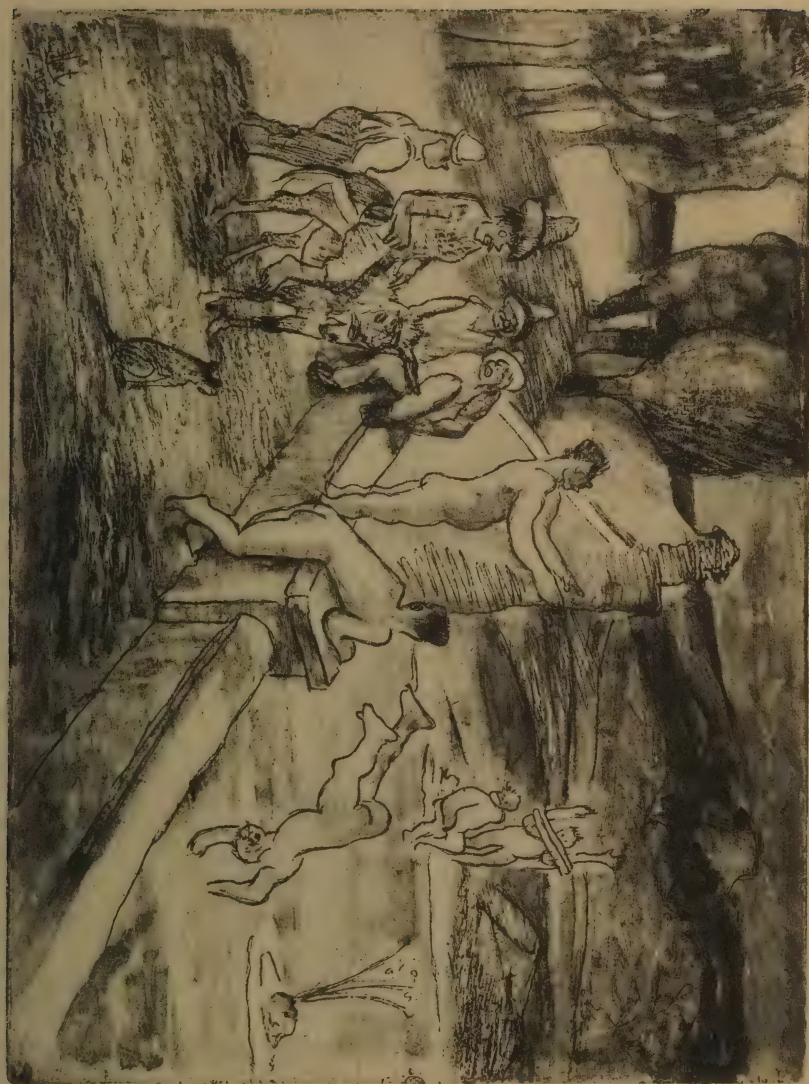
Good Friday, Mexico, 1926

Ink Drawing



The Hero, Guadelupe, 1926

Oil Painting on Wood



Springtime, New Orleans, 1925

Lithograph—Awarded Medal at the Sesquicentennial, Philadelphia



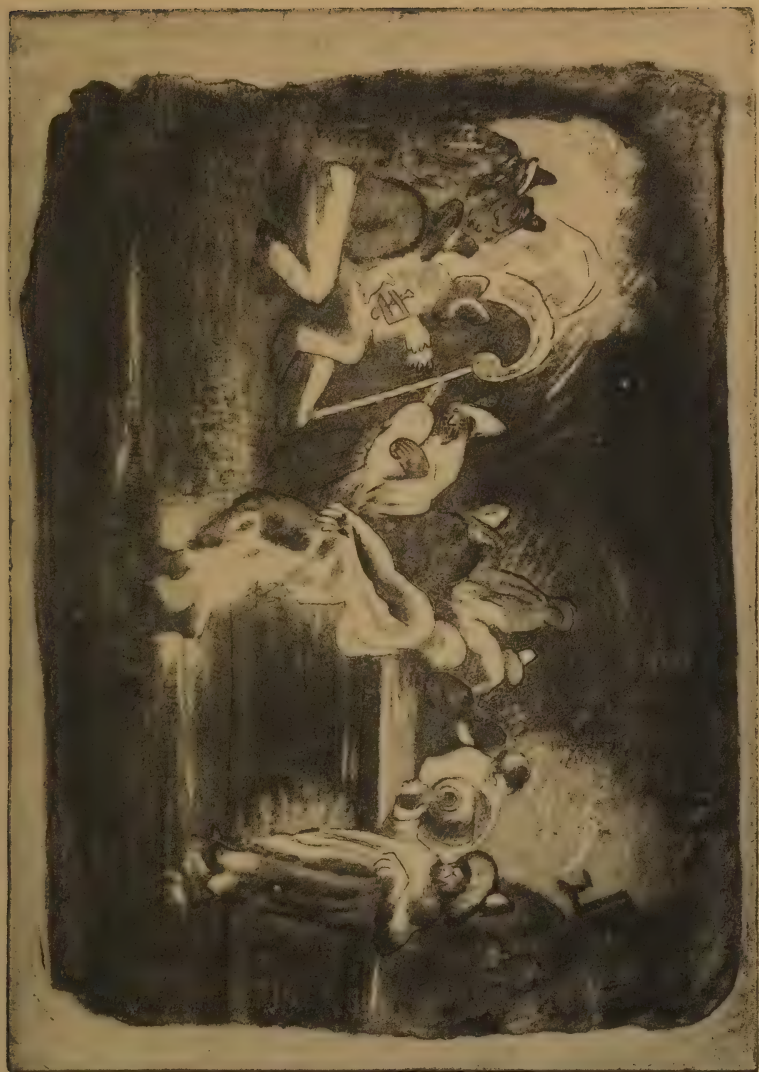
Landscape, Santo Domingo, No. 1, 1925

Dry Point and Soft Ground—Awarded Prize at the Brooklyn Museum



Dias de Fiesta, No. 1, Mexico, 1926

Aquatint and Soft Ground



Bathers, Englewood Brook, New Jersey, 1925

Dry Point on Copper



Market Plaza, Mexico, 1926

Aquatint and Soft Ground



Excursion Boat, Coney Island, 1926

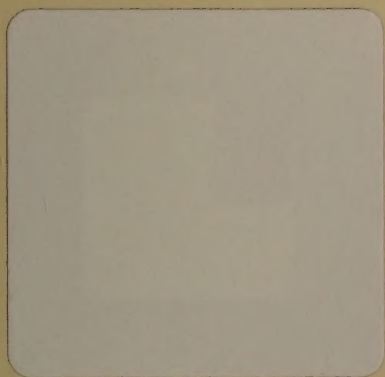
Etching and Aquatint



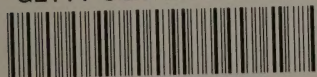
Happy Days, Self Portrait, Paris, 1925

Etching





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